

Where shee her sacred bowre adornes

from Two Bookes of Ayers, the Second Book,
Light Conceits of Lovers, 1613

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

G G D G D G C D G Am E(no3rd) A G

Where shee her sa - cred bowre a - dornes The Ri - uers cleare - ly flow: The
Her grace I sought her loue I wooed; Her loue though I ob - taine, No
Her ro - ses with my prayers shall spring, And when her trees I praise, Their
If shee my faith mis - deemes, or worth, Woe - worth my hap - lesse fare: For
But from her bowre of ioy since I Must now ex - clud - ed be: And

G D G D G C D G Am E(no3rd) A C

groues and me - dows swell with flowres, The windes all gent - ly blow. Her
time, no toyle, no vow, no faith Her wish - ed grace can gaine. Yet
boughs shall blos - some, mel - low fruit Shall strew her plea - sant wayes. The
though time can my truth re - ueale, That time will come too late. And
shee will not re - lieue my cares Which none can helpe but shee: My

C G C D A D G C D(no3rd) G C

Sunne-like beau-ty shines so fayre Her Spring can ne-ver fade: Who
 truth can tell my heart is hers, And her will I a-dore: And
 words of har-ty zeale have powre High won-ders to ef-fect; O
 who can glo-ry in the worth That can-not yeeld him grace? Con-
 com-fort in her loue shall dwell, Her loue lodge in my brest. And

C G C D A D G C D(no3rd) G

then can blame the life that striues To har-bour in her shade?
 from that loue when I de-part let heau'n view me no more.
 why should then her Prince-ly eare My words, or zeale ne-glect?
 tent in eu'-ry thing is not, Nor ioy in eu'-ry place.
 though not in her bowre, yet I Shall in her tem-ple rest.